

Gr. 2, Theme 5, Story 4
Thunder Cake, Fluency

horizon

weather

thunder

rattled

attention

lightning

stammered

understand

Grandma looked at the horizon, drew a deep breath
and said, “This is Thunder Cake baking weather,
all right. Looks like a storm coming to me.”
“Child, you come out from under that bed. It’s only thunder
you’re hearing,” my grandma said.
The air was hot, heavy, and damp. A loud clap of thunder
shook the house, rattled the windows, and made me
grab her close.
“Steady, child,” she cooed. “Unless you let go of me,
we won’t be able to make a Thunder Cake today!”
“Thunder Cake?” I stammered as I hugged her even closer.
“Don’t pay attention to that old thunder, except to see how close
the storm is getting. When you see the lightning,
start counting... real slow. When you hear the thunder,
stop counting. That number is how many miles away
the storm is. Understand?” she asked. “We need to know
how far away the storm is, so we have time to make the cake
and get it into the oven before the storm comes,

or it won't be real Thunder Cake."

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Looks like a storm coming to me."

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